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Choice Poetry.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

This world is lovely, fair and bright.
The sunlight sweeps our brow,
'Twill doubtless be as beautiful
One hundred years from now!
The birds will sing as sweetly then
Their Springlike roundelay,
The sunshine dance upon the hills,
As in the olden days.

The haunts we loved in childhood's years
Will bloom as sweetly still;
But other forms, unknown to us,
Our places then will fill;
The streams will glide as gently on,
With music sweet and low,
Upon whose banks at eventide,
We roamed so long ago.

The same bright sun will still pursue,
His trackless course on high,
And stars as bright and beautiful
Will still gleam in the sky;
With lightest step the Spring will come,
With cool refreshing showers,
With laughing brooks, with singing birds,
With sunshine and with flowers.

Although the earth will be as gay,
The birds sing on each bough,
They will not sing the songs for us
A hundred years from now!
The flowers will then unfold their leaves,
But will not bloom for us,
And though it seems a distant day,
It surely will be thus!

All living things upon the earth,
Must wither, droop and die,
And we shall soon have passed away,
Like clouds that drift from the sky;
Faith points us with confident glance,
To realms where parting cease,
Where streams of love are flowing from
The crystal fount of peace.

Then let us strive to win our minds
From all the dreams of strife,
And strive to write our names within
The glorious book of life;
And let us strive to win a crown,
To place upon our brow,
That it may all be well with us,
One hundred years from now.

An Interesting Story.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. N. SANDERS.

In a small farm house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and an only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully to the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine manly youth of twenty. At length he said:

"David this is disastrous news from Camden, God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable; and I wish this old world were got in the French war had not lamed me; but for it I should now be shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting, and looked inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he exclaimed warmly:

"David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, my son, I am ashamed of you. Twice before this have I spoken to you on this subject, but you appear to have no spirit. What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here apathetically? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army."

Joshua! Joshua! interposed the old mother, David is but a youth; then do not speak so harshly to him. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against your country's enemy—he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! Such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them—why were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of his age?"

The old man was excited and it was the first unkind word he had ever used to his boy.

David rose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will the woman do?" he at last muttered. "Here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? Why, to meet a pretty girl and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be to myself again—what did he call me?—was it not a coward? Now, by Heaven, I will teach him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act; no longer dream! are another fortnight, my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him, struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the window of a farm house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Barker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words made her acquainted with his determination. When she burst into tears.

"No, Mary," he added, you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in the struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear you to encounter their danger. But since this dreadful

defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is wanted for our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone. The next day he was in the neighborhood of his father's house armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew that there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates who promised to follow as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm house, to which he proceeded boldly, in pursuit of lodging. At first he occupied himself with coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a Tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his eider after supper and insisted that David should join him in his political views; this the young man did, taking care not to indulge too freely, while the farmer rejoiced to find what he supposed to be a new recruit for his party.

Drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that this party of loyalists, led by Major Wilson, celebrated for his Toryism and ruthlessness, went to start early on the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends.

He also knew enough of the character of the Major, that to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition when there were others nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was he long before success crowned his audacious examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for the slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the Major when she was down here last year before the war wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to do with him. Ever since he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend upon it, he will have her on his own terms now. Thank heaven! there's no law to prevent an honest royalist from doing as he pleases to these rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major now," suddenly said the host, starting up. "I will introduce you at once—a merry fellow you'll find him. Lord love you, he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to hear more of the Tory's plans, and found means if possible to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a bumper, and so contrived to make the loyalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain was concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night.

He pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied, and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took; the Major promised a commission in his troop in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after a few hours rest, in order to lose no time gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before him during the arrangement of his negotiations, for his person was well known to many of the Major's troops; and if any of them had caught up his feigned name would not protect him from detection. He wished to get off that night as proposed; but to this neither his host nor the Major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to Bunkers with his troops.

Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop which continued till he came in sight of a cross road where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned into a more narrow and circuitous by-road.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "I pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our rascals, and march to Bunkers." There is no other hope now left!

Night had fallen in, as they had expected, before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but were enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now, men," whispered the leaders of the Tories, "I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introduction; we will then surround the house and enter it."

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang over their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty men broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the windows was shattered, and Tories yelled like savages. In an instant the lights in the house were extinguished, the violin was quickly ceased and a cry was heard at the door. The Tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was immediately barred, and being made of stout oak plank resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the windows, and a Tory fell, desperately wounded.

Another report succeeded and another Tory fell. Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home, and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and beneath this the Tories, shielded from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting resistance, perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of his men brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it in pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued.

The brothers were powerful and courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the whole Tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, feeling, during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcome them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The Tories inflamed to madness at the resistance that had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of their victims, when the Major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old women there said he with a brutal laugh, may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Halt!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The Major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard:

"When I say fire, give it to them!" A man with a blanched cheek rushed into the house, exclaiming:

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard. A general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door that several of the Tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn then the Tories retreated up stairs, when David our hero, rushed into the room they had just left, and cut the ropes of the Bunkers.

"May God bless you for this," cried the grateful fellows.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The Tories fought for life—the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight and engaged him single-handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David, as he pressed his bearded wife to his bosom, and his heart went up to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death.

The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks more than a score of hardy young fellows, who fought with him to the end of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE RESCUED CRIMINAL.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B., a professor of the college of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:

One day he had prepared the bodies of two criminals who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, but not being able to find the key of the dissecting room: the moment two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bedroom. During the evening, Dr. B. wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock struck one, and all at once a ball sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies. Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and upon going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him when to his horror and amazement, he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a chair. Poor Dr. B., at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror, which, increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him—whether way he moved, those dreadful eyes followed him. The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated, step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended towards the door, which at length gained; but there is no escape, the specter had risen and followed him, whose features, added to the lateness of the hour, and the stillness of the night, seem to come to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he had left; his strength failed, the candle in his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness. The good doctor, however, gained his apartment, and through himself he shut the door, but the fearful specter followed him—it has caught him, and seized hold of his feet with both hands. At the climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you are, leave me." At this the specter let go his hold, and moaned feebly

these words: "Pity, good hangman, have pity on me!" The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained, by little and little, his composure. He explained to the criminal, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold the second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled the unexpected visitor in an old dressing-gown, and, having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold. He was a deserter. The doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so, having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his protegee, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in. When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B. had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city. The merchant asked politely if he were Dr. B., of London; and on his answering in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house, which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met. After dinner, the merchant having taken him into his counting house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him:

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation in a respectable office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence of my employer, and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

MAMMOTH TREE OF CALIFORNIA.

We published yesterday a description of the various monsters which make up the "Washington Mammoth Tree Grove" of California. The finest, the most beautiful and symmetrical of these trees, (though not the largest,) has been cut down, and fragments of it have been exhibited here and in Europe by a set of speculators. From this beginning, unless the Gods and Vandals are arrested in their work, the destruction of this incomparable forest will probably go on till the last vestige of it is destroyed. In this view, the point that we make is, that the State of California and the Congress of the Union should interpose to preserve these trees, as the living proofs that the boasted monarchs of the wood of the Old World are but stunted shrubbery compared with the forest giants of our own country. We say that Congress should interpose, upon the presumption that these trees are public property, are on the public lands of California, and because Congress has already interposed to protect the public live oak forests of Florida from the rapacity of unscrupulous speculators.

These California monsters are, we doubt not, of the same genus, though perhaps not of the exact species, of the ancient cedars of Lebanon. The California grove is in about the same latitude, the same altitude, (4,500 feet above the sea,) and has the same climate as those mighty forests of the mountains of Lebanon; from which King Hiram supplied the timber for the building of Solomon's Temple. Of those Lebanon forests only some half dozen are left, and the remainder are now in ruins. In California we have a grove of the most magnificent specimens, coeval with Solomon and David. There they have stood, and have continued to grow, while kingdoms, empires, and dynasties, have risen and disappeared; and there they stand, the living patriarchs of three thousand years! To these venerable giants, upon a basis of seventy years, the discovery of America was but an affair of yesterday, and the birth of our Saviour an incident of some forty years ago! The old "Hercules" of the group is still among them, of the respectable height of 350 feet, and with the extra-aldermanic circumference of 107 feet! And there is scarcely one in this imperial family less than three hundred feet from top to toe! What gooseberry bushes are the forests of Europe, and even of the Mississippi valley, compared with this towering cedar grove of California.

We repeat, that it is the duty of the State of California, of Congress, and of all good citizens, to protect and preserve these California monuments of the capabilities of our American soil. Let it be the law that this Washington Mammoth Grove shall stand.—N. Y. Herald.

The citizens of Charlotte, N. C., have, by a vote 122 to 20, subscribed \$15,000 to the Wilmington and Rutherford Railroad.

DON'T DEPEND ON "FATHER."

Stand up here, young man, and let me talk to you; you have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse," or his fair fame, for your influence or success in business. Think you that "father" has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune, is essential to, nay, inseparable from the retaining of either of these. Suppose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance; if you never earned anything from him, you have no more business with these "rocks" than a gosling has with a tortoise! and if he allows you to meddle with them, to the detriment of your own industry, he perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to idle away your time, you'd better leave him; you'd better leave him; yes, run away sooner than be an imbecile, or something worse, through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody.

If you have become idle, if you have eaten father's bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor cabin boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot-black; and, indeed, we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, half-starved, motherless calf! Miserable objects you are that depend entirely on parents, playing gentleman (dandy loafers). What in the name of common sense are you thinking of? Wake up, there! Go to work, either with your hands, or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown up in "father's house"—that you have vegetated as other green horns! but let folks know that you count on one!

Look about you, you well dressed, smooth-faced, do nothing drones. Who have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influences may secure you the forms of respect, but let him lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and do not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and then you may begin to aspire to manhood.

"THE OLD WOMAN."

It was thus a few days since, we heard a young stripling of sixteen designating the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives called so occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond all phrases of humanity. Her very age should be her sure passport to courteous consideration.

The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous trials she has been here; trials untold and unknown, save to God and herself, she has borne incessantly, and now, in her old age, her duty done, patiently awaiting the appointed time, she stands more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously, tenderly to her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love when she has passed away; kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom of all the world you choose for a partner, she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love fondly, but never again while time is yours, shall the love of women be to you as that of your old, trembling mother has been.

In agony she bore you! through pulling, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward and touchy boyhood, she bore patiently with thoughtless rudeness and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lit up the darkness of wailing, nightly vigils watching always in your fitful sleep by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh, speak no other name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully.

Through recklessness and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace. Up to bright manhood she guides your improvident steps, nor even there forsakes or forgets. Speak gently then, and reverently of your mother, and when you too should become old it shall in the same degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to the "old woman."

ONLY SIX MILES.—The gap between the two ends of the North Carolina Railroad has been reduced to only six miles, and the work of laying the rails is progressing as rapidly as possible. A few more days and the iron band which stretches, main-bow fashion, through our State will be completed, and then we can travel "like a streak," from Maine to Texas!—From Salisbury to Raleigh the fair will be only \$4 00; and distant, in time, only five or six hours.—Salisbury Watchman.

Miss Jenny Campbell, aged 115 years, died in Orange county, Va., on the 6th instant.

SHARPE'S RIFLE.

This recently invented weapon, if it possesses one-half of the power and capacity claimed for it by its proprietor, is destined soon to supersede every other weapon for warlike purposes now in existence. It is the most efficacious and terrible firearm in existence. The small carbine now used by the United States Mounted Men throws a ball with deadly accuracy one quarter of a mile, and can be fired ten times per minute. It is not complicated in structure, is easily cleaned, and suffers no injury from wet weather. Mr. Sharpe is now preparing models for four new species of his weapon, namely: A small pocket pistol, calculated to throw a Minie ball one hundred yards; a cavalry pistol, with a range of five hundred yards; a rifle suitable for footmen, with a range of one mile; and a large gun to throw a two-ounce ball or a small shell one mile and a half, or as far as a man or a horse can be seen to advantage. With this latter weapon Mr. S. declares he can set on fire a house or a ship at a distance of nearly two miles, and prevent the use of field artillery by killing the horses before the guns are brought within good range. This rifle, in the hands of a good marksman, is equal to ten muskets, bayonets and all; for, place a man six rods distant with a musket and bayonet, and before he can bring the bayonet into use the rifle can be loaded and discharged ten times. They carry balls with great precision and force. Mr. Sharpe intends these rifles to become a national weapon; and should Congress, by using a little liberality, purchase the patent, the country would be possessed of a means of warfare unequalled in the world.—St. Louis Democrat.

THEY SHALL NOT BLUSH FOR THEIR FATHERS.—Two men had entered into an agreement to rob their neighbor. Everything was planned. They were to enter the house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the gold and silver they could find.

"He is rich and we are poor," said they to each other, by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all this world's goods?"

Thus they talked together. One of the men had a wife and children, but the other had no one in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children went home and joined his family, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other at the darkest hour of the coming night.

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I am so glad you have come."

The presence of the child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away, but his arms clung tighter about his neck, and he laid his face against his cheek, and in a sweet and gentle voice, said:

"I love you, father."

Involuntarily the man drew the innocent and loving one to his bosom, and kissed him. There were two other children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness in the father than from lack of employment. These children came in soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

"O father!" said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened. Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbing. They took him out of our shop, when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so sad when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame—for shame of his own father! Only think of that!"

The man did not reply to the words of his son, but turned his face away to conceal his expression.

"Ashamed of his father?" thought he.—"And will my children hang their heads also in shame? No, no, that shall never be."

At the hour of midnight the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better intention, was waiting at the place of rendezvous for him whose children had saved him. But he waited long in vain. Then he said:

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labor on the next day he learned that his accomplice had been taken in the act of robbery, and was already in prison.

"Thank heaven for virtuous children!" said he, with fervor. "They have saved me.—Never will I do anything that will cause them to blush for their father."

DEATH AND VANITY.—The St. Louis Herald of Wednesday says:—"Some of our fashionable ladies, owing to an excess of vanity, in order to give tone and permanency to their complexion, or, as they say, 'to improve their complexion,' are in the habit of taking arsenic in small doses. Within the past week two ladies of this city, members of wealthy families, and ladies of fashion, have died very suddenly. Their nearest friends and relatives say that they were 'arsenic eaters'; but, in order to guard against scandal, the real cause of their death has not been made public. However, these same persons do not hesitate to say privately that an over-dose of arsenic was the real cause of their death. Out of respect for the living relations, we forbear mentioning the names of the ladies, and only allude to the circumstance for the purpose of warning others of the great danger and risk they run in continuing such a dangerous and baneful practice. Vanity must indeed be an almost uncontrollable passion with persons who, to gratify it, will hazard their very existence. There is no doubt of the fact that this practice is general among our fashionable butterflies, at least to such an extent as to become alarming."

"Tom," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days." "Tim," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."

THE MORMONS.

Horace Greeley, now in Washington, writes to the Tribune that he recently met a gentleman not long from the Salt Lake. He says:

My friend gives a horrible account of the moral and social condition of the Mormons, with whom he spent some months. He felt them wallowing deeper and deeper in the slough of filthy sensuality, with a certainty of impotence is exploded by the miserable creature and diffuses. He says the women are nearly all anxious to fly from the horrible den, especially those who have been "sealed" as the "spiritual wives" of the soundly hypocrites who propagate and uphold this monstrous delusion. Nearly all the leaders have from three women each up to Brigham Young's seventy, some of whom make a poor living by washing the clothes of the U. S. soldiers. Hundreds of these deceived, abused women secretly attempt to beg the privilege of coming away with the troops and trains passing from time to time through or coming from Salt Lake City, but this cannot be allowed. Nearly all would get away if they could. Such pictures of distress and despair as are presented by many of these deceived and abused women can be found no where else than in Utah. Hundreds of them never heard until it burst upon their amazed vision on their arrival at Salt Lake. And such a mixture of profanity and blasphemy, nonsense, impudent assumption and buffoonery, as is contained in their sermons and other religious exercises cannot be paralleled in the world. A "Gentile" of any account is carefully watched from the hour he ventures among them, and their little scruples as to the means whereby troublesome intruders is disposed of.

SALE OF A WIFE.—The peace-loving and law-abiding citizens of the town of Webster had their ideas of morality rather agitated a few days since, by the announcement that one amongst them had sold his wife to another for a consideration. It seems that the man with a wife was the tenant of another, and the wife, who always said that she did not intend to die until she got on the upper shelf of society, who was probably a member of the true love association, was drawn towards the landlord, who is, or rather was, a single man, by "passionate attraction," and demanded an instant return. There is no doubt but that the demand was complied with, whereupon he became quite dissatisfied, and hinted as much. Things grew no better very fast, until the husband finding his hints were regarded, spoke right out and objected to the way matters were progressing. This opened the way for a negotiation, and after a long hickering and bantering, the husband agreed the landlord should have his boy, his wife, and garden "free" for five hundred dollars and writings to that effect were immediately drawn up, sealed, signed and delivered, and the woman was transferred forthwith to the arms of her fortunate possessor.—Rochester Advertiser.

THE UNDECEASED DEAD.—A gentleman of undoubted veracity, writing to a friend in this city gives the following particulars which appear to us worthy of notice by scientific men, whose studies have enabled them to investigate and understand the causes which produced the effects related.

On the 13th inst., the body of Mr. M